

Children's Department.

A Letter From Mississippi.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my first letter for the EVANGELIST. I am twelve years old. As I see no letters in the EVANGELIST from the sunny south, I thought perhaps you would be glad to hear from me. We moved from Toledo, Tama Co., Iowa, March 7, for the benefit of my papa's health. We think this is a fine country. We would like very much if some of our ministering brethren could come and visit us as this would be a large field to work in. We all attend the Baptist church. Papa and mamma gave in their letters and sister Minnie was baptized. We live in West Point, Mississippi. It is a town of over 3000 inhabitants. There are three railroads running through it. I never saw flowers so perfect as they are here. There is so much fruit here that we hardly know what to do with it. The peaches are ripe and the trees are so full that they must be propped. I go to Sunday-school regularly. My teacher is Mr. Fox. He is the professor of the high school. I am in the fourth grade. Papa is out baling hay. We were sorry to hear of the death of Everett Thomas. As my letter is getting lengthy I will close.

DOLLIE EBERSOLE.

West Point, Miss.

From Milford, Ind.

I will write a letter for the children's column. I go to Sunday-school and like it very much. We are expecting Mr. Rench's family back soon. We are getting homesick to see them. We are sorry to hear of little Eddie's misfortune, but hope that he may soon be well again. My little sister had her leg broken twelve weeks ago, but is well now. Good-bye.

LILLIE TROUP.

From Clover Creek, Pa.

This is my first letter to the children's column. I am twelve years old. I go to Sunday-school. My teacher's name is Mr. Skyes. I will close by asking a question. What were the names of the two pillars of the porch of the temple of the Lord?

GARWIN SMITH.

From Brooklyn, Ia.

I will write a letter to the EVANGELIST. We have quite a large Sabbath-school. I attend every Sabbath and also attend the King's Children. I go to school every day. School closed May 31. Our Sunday-school will have a picnic two weeks from Friday. I do not expect to be here to attend the picnic. I am going to see my grandmother who is eighty-four years old. I have never seen her.

LYDIA RODERTS.

From Conemaugh, Pa.

This is my second letter to the EVANGELIST. I like to read the children's letters. My papa and mamma belong to the Brethren church. My papa works every other day. The sun was very hot this forenoon, but a nice refreshing shower came this evening. Our Sabbath-school has changed its time of meeting from 2 o'clock P. M., to 10 o'clock A. M. We have choir practice on Friday evening and Sunday morning. What is the longest verse in the Bible, and where found? We have had no King's Children meeting since last winter.

CLARA HILDERBRAND.

PINCHING THE BABY.

Lettie dearly loved her little brother and would play with him hours at a time; but sometimes when she wanted very much to play out of doors, her mother wanted her to amuse the baby, and then Lettie would scowl, pout, sulk and make herself and her mother unhappy.

One day Lettie wanted to play "keep house" with her tea-set, but little Leon would cry for the dishes, and she had to put them away.

"Oh, dear!" she cried, fretfully, "I never did see such a troublesome child! Mother, won't you take the baby now?"

"I am very busy," replied her mother. "You amuse him as long as he is good, and when he gets fussy I'll take him."

"I don't believe but he is sleepy," said Lettie; and laying him in the cradle, she rocked violently, singing at the top of her voice; Leon laughed and cooed, and pulled the things within reach, and had no idea of going to sleep.

A wicked thought came into Lettie's mind. "If I can make the baby cry, mother will take him."

She leaned over the cradle and looked down into the bright, wide-awake eyes and "made up" a horrible face.

The baby looked astonished a minute, and then thought it some new kind of play, and laughed and stretched out his little arms toward her. "You little hateful thing, why don't you go to sleep?" she cried, shaking him a little.

Leon laughed aloud, and crowed in his pretty, baby way that Lettie had thought was so cunning, and at any other time she would have almost smothered him with kisses, and called him "the darlings, handsomest baby in the world;" but now her heart was full of selfishness and rebellion, and his sweet ways angered her. A minute later her mother heard a piercing scream, and ran in to see what was the matter. Lettie was rocking the cradle and saying in a soothing voice,

"There, there, go to sleep," but her face was red and she looked guilty.

"What did you do to the baby?" asked her mother.

"Nothing," said Lettie, faintly, blushing deeply.

Her mother saw she was not speaking the truth, and she caught her by the arm and shook her. "Tell me instantly what you did," she said; and Lettie whimpered out, "I—I pinched him."

The mother sent Lettie into the bedroom, and hushed the baby to sleep. Then she called Lettie and talked long to her about the cruelty of hurting her dear little brother, until she was ashamed and sorry.

I wondered at the time what made Lettie do such a naughty, cruel thing, but I afterward learned that she did not pray that morning. When any one forgets to pray in the morning, things are likely to go wrong all day.

Leon was afraid of Lettie for several days, but after awhile she won his love and confidence again; and afterward when her mother was sick, Lettie took such good care of her brother, and was so kind and cheerful that her mother called her "a brave little helper.—S. K. T.

HOW A LITTLE BOY LEARNED A LESSON.

It was a very hot day, and the little boy was lying on his stomach under the big linden tree reading the *Scottish Chiefs*.

"My little boy," said his mother, "will you please go out in the garden and bring me a nice head of lettuce?"

"Oh, I—can't!" said the little boy. "I'm too hot!"

The little boy's father happened to be close by weeding the geranium bed, and when he heard this, he lifted the little boy gently by the shoulders and dipped him in the great tub of water that stood all ready for watering the plants.

"There, my son!" said the father. "Now you are cool enough to go and get the lettuce, but remember next time that it will be easier to go at once when you are told, as then you will not have to change your clothes."

The little boy went drip, drip, dripping out into the garden and brought the lettuce. Then he went drip, drip, dripping into the house and changed his clothes, but he never said a word, for he knew there was nothing to say.

That is the way they do things where the little boy lives. Would you like to live there? Perhaps not. Yet he is a very happy boy, and he is learning the truth of the old saying:

"Come when you're called, do as you're bid, Shut the door after you and you'll never be chid."

—Youth's Companion.